

THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man.—Thomas Jefferson

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TERMS:

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE "SEA DEVIL."

The entity answering to the above name is now being exhibited, at the corner of Baltimore and Light streets, whither the learned are thronging to learn more, the ignorant to make big eyes and stare. Amid the multiplicity of opinions as to what this singular creature is—we cannot be expected to decide whether it is *defacto* fish, flesh, or fowl.

The following description of its capture, has been kindly furnished us by Mr. WALTERS the proprietor. It is perfectly unique, and in good character with the outlandish appearance of the animal. "On the 26th of April, 1842, two negroes belonging to Charleston, were anchored in their boats about two miles above the city, in Cooper River, engaged in fishing. While thus quietly pursuing their avocation, they found to their great terror and surprise, that some unseen power was carrying them rapidly down stream, occasionally stopping and whirling their little bark suddenly round, then shooting rapidly through the channel toward the bar.

This course not altogether meeting the views of those who before had command of the boat, induced them to call out most briskly for help, when six other boats came to the assistance of the first, which continued to be hurried through the water, by this invisible power, with a rapidity quite new to its astonished navigators.

The crews of seven well manned boats, with a full supply of oars, were now engaged in opposition to this single moving power. For a considerable time the contest was doubtful, but numbers at length prevailed, so far as to get their adversary into shoal water, when an attack was made with harpoons, knives, clubs, &c. and the fishermen triumphed in victory."

If this whole story were not placed beyond the possibility of a doubt; by the fact that the immense concourse of people witnessed these, 'fantastic freaks' from the shore, it would be too fishy for us to believe. If any one, however doubts the ability of this animal, to walk off with some half dozen boats, one glance at its locomotive apparatus would dispel them in a moment.

This enormous animal weighs 3,780 pounds; extreme length from mouth to end of tail, 10 feet 6 inches; width, 18 feet; length of mouth, 2 feet 10 inches; depth of mouth 1 foot 8 inches; distance between the eyes, 5 feet. If it were possible to give a description which would convey any idea of its appearance, we would make the attempt. We have looked around for some object to nature with which to compare it, but there is nothing in the air, on the earth, or in the waters under the earth, which it resembles. Indeed it is a perfect non-descript, both as to shape and habits. Dr. Bachman of Charleston, South Carolina, and other distinguished naturalists agree in the opinion that this animal has hitherto been unknown to the scientific. We believe it is closely allied to the genius *Chepholoptera* (winged head) of Dumeril:—The anterior part of the head of which is truncated and the pectoral fins instead of clasping it, have each of their anterior extremities ex-

tended into a salient point, which gives it the appearance of having horns. A gigantic species is occasionally captured in the Mediterranean.

It is properly a cartilaginous animal; the only thing found in it resembling a bone was a strong piece of cartilage in the shape of a half moon. It was thought by some to be a monster, but this opinion is contradicted by the fact that a calf is also exhibited. The young "devil" was born after the capture of the mother, and is a perfect specimen of the kind.

We would suggest the propriety of giving this inhabitant of the "salt, salt sea" a more respectable and scientific name. Let the learned who understand the science of compounding names, supply this interesting animal with one. We trust all who make the least pretensions to science, and others, will pay their respects to this singular creature, be it fish or flesh, or what not before it leaves the city. P.

REMARKABLE MAGNETIC ROCKS.

The following interesting facts are detailed by the Vicksburg Whig:—

Near the iron mountains in Missouri, there is a ledge of stone extending for a half a mile in length, and several hundred yards in width. This stone is very strongly impregnated with magnetic properties, so strongly so indeed, that it is impossible to ride a well shod horse over it. A gentleman having his horse newly shod once attempted it, but before he had made two "revolutions" his horse "was brought up standing"—perfectly still. In vain our traveller urged his gallant steed forward; persuasions and force proved equally futile, until his patience became exhausted and he sent for a blacksmith. The son of Vulcan soon arrived and found the horse standing stock still, and to all appearance as immovable as the rock of Gibraltar. Various expedients were resorted to, to relieve the horse, but all failed. There he stood, and to all appearances, was likely to stand, with his feet literally glued to the solid and impervious rock. At last the blacksmith's eyes glistened, he had it sure. He sent off to his smithy for his shoeing tools, which were soon forthcoming, when he proceeded with all possible despatch to unclinch the nails which bound the horses shoes to his hoofs!—One by one the nails were unclinked, the whip was applied to the horse, and as the last nail gave way, he escaped with a bound, but left his shoes welded to the rock.

Irish Fun—A New Idea.—'Hallo, Michael, is it yourself I see before me?' said one Irishman to another, on the evening of the Fourth.

'Troth, then, and it's meself.'
'And how are you now? and how have you spent our national birth-day?'
'Haven't I been dhrinkin' and rejoicing the intire day, and marching about in a sun hot enough to roast potatoes. Have you been doing the same, Jimmy?'

'Well, I have. The remembrance of what our forefathers—those gentlemen that signed the declaration—have done for us, Michael, combined with a few drops of the'reeater,' has kept me as drunk and as joyful as a piper the day long, I say, Michael, isn't it a remarkable fact they don't have any of these Fourth of July celebrations in ould Ireland?'

'But they do, to be sure.'
'D—l the bit. When does the Fourth of July come in Tipperary? Tell me that with your ugly mouth.'

'Why; on the twenty-fourth of June, you spalpeen. Don't you recollect the trolies, bonfires, and rejoicings, we used to have on that day. The twenty-fourth of June is the Fourth of July in Ireland, to be sure.'

'Pat,' said the captain of a ship to an Irishman who was a passenger on board, and who sometimes used to sleep twenty-four hours in succession, 'how do you contrive to sleep so long?'

'How?' said Pat, 'why I pay attention to it.'

REVOLUTIONARY AFFAIRS.

It is interesting to look back upon the political times of '76, and glance at the progress of this country from separate and independent colonies to its condition of a free and united nation. We are indebted to the industrious editor of Savannah Georgian for the following items which he has put together, and with which it is well to refresh our memories on the Fourth of July.

The estimated expense of the Revolutionary war, in specie is over one hundred and thirty-five millions of dollars.

To meet this immense charge, Congress issued from 1776 to 1781, \$357,476.541; of continental or paper money, which, during that time, depreciated nearly two thirds of its value; In addition to this, Congress obtained loans from France and Holland, from the former, of twenty-one thousand livres or 2,878,876 dollars; and from the latter 22 millions of livres or 4,074,073 dollars. The first loan was in 1779 and the last in 1778 and in 1783.

The first President of the old Congress was Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, chosen September 5th; 1774.

The last, was also a Virginian, Cyrus Griffin, elected January 22, 1788.

The oldest of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was Benj. Franklin, who was then seventy. The youngest signer was Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, who was but twenty-seven. Thomas Lynch from South Carolina, was also but twenty-seven. The average age of the signers, leaving out three whose ages are not known, is a fraction short of 44, showing that as a body, they were not so young as to be impetuous, and carried away by the ardent feelings of youth, nor yet so old as to be obstinate and inert, but in that prime and vigorous manhood when the balance of the physical and mental powers is best sustained, and when the mind is fully matured by experience, and disciplined by study. Twenty-one of the fifty-six lived a quarter of a century after the 4th of July 1776. Three of them survived to a full half century from that date. Four were upwards of 90 at their death. Button Gwinnett, of Georgia, was the first who died after the declaration, at the age of 45. Charles Carrol was the last of that illustrious band, and died in 1833, we believe, aged 96.

The first State Constitutions were adopted by the following Colonies, before the Declaration of Independence.

New Hampshire, South Carolina, Virginia, New Jersey, in 1776.

The remainder of the 'Old Thirteen,' adopted their Constitutions as follows, after the Declaration:

Maryland, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Georgia, 1776; New York, 1777; Massachusetts, 1780; Vermont, 1786.

The Constitution of the United States was adopted by the Convention of which George Washington was President on the 17th of September, 1787. It was ratified by Congress July 14th, 1788, and went into operation on the first Wednesday of March, 1789. It was adopted by the several States in the following order and time; the assent of nine States was required before the adoption by Congress.

Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, in 1787; Georgia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina, New Hampshire, Virginia, New York, in 1788; North Carolina, 1789, Rhode Island, 1790; Vermont, 1791.

DUTCH EPIGRAM.

On a notorious and feeling Usurer of Amsterdam.

A Silver store his grizzled pate reveals;
A mine of yellow Gold his chest conceals;
His noise is shining Copper; and his head
A solid lump of undiluted Lead;
His forehead beams a plate of triple Brass;
His heart is forged of Iron's toughest mass;
In short, Tom's carcass (may't be flayed
with nettles!)

Is Satan's choicest CABINET OF METALS!

MAKING BUTTER.

Mr. Wers of London, who has been for more than thirty years engaged in the butter trade of that city, has furnished a paper to the New Farmer's Journal, on the best methods of preparing and keeping butter, from, which we extract the following.

'Solidity and firmness, is I think, of more consequence than is generally allowed, the nearer butter can be made of the consistency of wax, the longer will it retain its flavor.'

To accomplish this object I recommend salting the cream, by putting rather more fine table salt than is used when applied after churning, because a part will be left with buttermilk; or instead of salt use strong clear brine to mix with the cream or butter.

Brine is preferable to salt, as the butter is smoother and better flavored. If salt be used, it may be in the proportion of half an ounce of fine dry table salt, mixed with two drachms of saltpetre, and two drachms of sugar, both made fine, to every pound of butter. If the butter be made into lumps for the market, I should recommend that each lump be wrapped round with a piece of calico, soaked in brine made from fine dry salt, that will carry an egg, for if the brine is weak, it will be injurious. If the butter is put into a firkin, the cask should be made of white oak, ash, sycamore, or beach, well seasoned by scalding out several times with hot brine, made from pure and clean salt. If very choice butter, I would recommend a salt cloth a round the butter, also on the top and bottom; the cloth to be kept in its place by a hoop, which can be removed as the cask fills. Mr. Wers deprecates the use of the hand in making butter, and recommends the use of woollen pads, not unlike our farmer's wife's butter ladies, for beating out the butter milk or packing in casks. 'These pads must be always (except when in the hand for use) kept in a tub of cold fresh water, which will prevent the adhering of the butter, and them cool.'

YANKEE WIT.

A Yankee, travelling in one of the Southern States, stopped at an inn for the night. He saw his horse well lodged in a barn, and entered the house where he found a party of Southern gentlemen assembled on their return from a horse race. The Yankee during the evening amused the company with jokes.

In the morning, on preparing to mount his horse, to resume his journey, he found him too lame to proceed further. In this dilemma, the Southerners met him in the yard, where they were preparing to mount some of their fine racers. Says one of the Southerners to the Yankee;

'My friend, we have heard much of Yankee wits and tricks; do show us such a trick before you leave us.'

The Yankee attempted to assure them that he was not witty, nor had any tricks to exhibit, but in vain.

Whereupon, says he, 'well, gentlemen, if you insist upon it, I will just show you a trick. Let any of you start his horse as fast as he pleases, and I will bet you a five spot that I will run and jump up behind.'

'Done!' cried several voices at once.

One rider immediately set forward at full speed. He found no yankee on the crupper behind him. He stopped to claim the bet; but then, he discovered that the Yankee had run after him, (on his starting,) for a few rods, and had afterwards continued jumping up in the air—he had jumped up behind! It was decided that the Yankee had won the bet.

'Who could not do that!' exclaimed the mortified Southerner, as he forked over the money.

'You can't!' said the Yankee.

'I will bet you my horse of that, my lad!—here mount him. There start a head.'

The Yankee mounted the horse, and set

forward at a steady pace. But just as the Southerner had run forward some rods, and was about to 'jump up behind,' to his infinite chagrin he saw the Yankee face about on his horse's back riding with his back to the beast's head! The Southerner looked firebrands and daggers! And he continued to look until the Yankee and his horse were out of sight. And he has never seen either of them to this day.

A YOUNG SHAVER.

A travelling menagerie down east, not long since posted up the terms of admission at two shillings—persons under eleven years of age at half price. A young chap about a dozen years old wishing to save a shilling in an honest way, wrote on a piece of paper 'ten' and put it in his hat, and on another piece of paper, 'eleven' and put it in his shoe, then with a shilling in hand and a bold front approached the door keeper and demanded entrance. The door keeper, opening both eyes, and looking sternly on the youth demanded—

'How old are you boy?'

'I am between ten and eleven sir,' was the reply.

Accordingly the door was thrown open to him.

A TRIFLING MISTAKE.

'How do you feel?' said a high pressure field preacher, a short time since, at a camp meeting in Mississippi, to a dry wag of a chap who had located himself upon the 'anxious seat' by mistake.

'Quite well, I thank you, how do you come on yourself?' retorted the wag.

'We've rescued thirty-seven to-day.'

'Have you?'

'Yes.'

'Well, I suppose you think you've done pretty d—d well, don't you?'

That last 'brick bat' terminated the conversation instantly.

AMERICAN FARMERS—May they enjoy the rewards of their labor, in abundant harvests, flowing vintage, full granaries, crowded barns, large dairies, teeming herds, lusty bullocks, gluten stalls, stout horses, fine fleeces, fat hogs, great potatoes, huge pumpkins, a good market, fair prices, no cheating—no visits by the worm, the fly, the grass-hopper, the mildew, by early frosts, by direct taxes, by needless subscriptions, by sheriffs or constables—and beware of being overreached by merchants, wheeled by lawyers, cajoled by butchers swindled by gamblers, beset by pick-pockets, dunned by tavern keepers, jilted by jilts or deceived by one another.

TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.

I rise, Mr. President, to argue the case of the rich man against the poor man, & I believe that before I shall have concluded, you will allow that it admits of no argument. The rich man, Mr President, declines his emaciated form on a mahogany sofa, cut down, hewed out, surveyed and manufactured from the tall cedar of Lebanon, which grew upon the lofty and cloud capt summits of the ever memorable mountain of Jehoshaphet. Then, Mr President, he lifts up to his cavalierous lip, the golden china cup manufactured, as is well known; Mr. President; in Chili, Peru and other unknown and uninhabitable parts of the universe. While on the other hand, Mr. President, the poor man declines his expectation in a cottage, from which he retires to the shade of some umbrageous steam—there to contemplate the incomprehensibility of the vast constellation and other fixed and immoveable satellites that revolve around the celestial axle-tree of this tenequarous firmament on high.—Then, Mr President, after calling around him his wife and the rest of his little children, he teaches them to perspire to scenes of immortality beyond the grave.

Look only to your own interests; enter not into the cabals, disputes or quarrels of others.